The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. IX. QU'APPELLE, N.W.T., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1894. No. 17.

QU'APPELLE.

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WM. SMITH, Advocate, Notary Public, Collections and Real Estate Agent. Indian Head office at the house of Mr. West, who will attend to any business during his absence.

R. JOHNSTON, Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Dealer in Canadian and Imported Heavy Draught Horses. Livery, Feed and Sale Stables. First Class Rigs. Daily Stage to Fort Qu'Appelle.

Lands for Sale

IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT PURCHASERS, AND ON VERY EASY TERMS.

40,000 ACRES TO CHOOSE FROM,

Within easy distance of the rising Towns of Indian Head and Qu'Appelle Station, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, with Churches and Schools for all.

SPLENDID

Wheat Growing Land,

And suitable for Farming

In all its branches.

Intending Settlers only need apply.

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LAND COMMISSIONER,

The Canadian Co-operative Colonization Co., Ltd.,

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CREAMER BROS.,

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And may be found there constantly to treat all diseases of animals.

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Where there is such a fine display of FURNITURE, PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.?

No! Where is that?

At Bulyea's Store,

OF COURSE.

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The North-West Lands of the Estate of the late W. R. THISTLE, comprising

4,000 ACRES

Of Valuable Improved

FARM PROPERTY

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Most Reasonable Terms.

For full particulars apply to

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BARRISTER,

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AND JEWELLER,

Has on hand the balance of 'Xmas Stock of Jewelry, consisting of Watches, Chains, Charms, Lockets, etc., Ladies' Watches, Fobs, Ear-rings, Brooches, etc.; also some Ladies' fine Rings. All going for three weeks at

Rock Bottom Prices.

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Galt Coal, Lump, F.O.C., car lots, $7.95; delivered retail, $8.80.
Galt Coal, Egg, F.O.C., car lots, $5.75; delivered retail, $6.50.
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Undertakers' Supplies,

FURNITURE,

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CLEARANCE SALE.

GOODS MUST BE SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST.

Great Bargains.

CLOSING UP THE BUSINESS.

Come early and make your purchases.

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G. P. MURRAY,

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Cheapest and quickest route to the Old Country.

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Britannic	White Star Line	Dec. 13
Teutonic	"	Dec. 20
Germanic	"	Dec. 27
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Paris	"	Jan. 31
Berlin	"	Feb. 7
Chester	"	Feb. 14
State of Nebraska	Allan State Line	Jan. 25
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Cabin $40, $45, $50, $60, $70, $80, upwards. Intermediate $30. Steerage $24.

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E. W. WARNER, Qu'Appelle.
Or to ROBERT KERR,
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Sleighs

With Wood, Cast Iron or Steel Knees. Six or seven foot runners.

Cutters

Of all descriptions to order.

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For deep or shallow Wells.

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For all purposes and at all prices.

A good Team of Roadster Mares and a Yearling Colt for sale cheap and on easy terms.

Cowan & Edwards

Qu'Appelle and Indian Head.

A GOOD THING

To keep in mind,

That we will have in proper season a full assortment of

GARDEN SEEDS

(In bulk or package)

AND

Wall Paper

Also that this is one of the distributing places for

GOPHER POISON

Given FREE by the North-West Government.

J. P. Creamer & Co.

DRUGGISTS

And Stationers,

Qu'Appelle Station.

The Qu'Appelle Progress,

Is Published every Thursday

At THE PROGRESS Printing Office: in the Town of Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Canada.

The rates for our advertising space by contract are as follows:

	One week.	One month.	Three months.	One year.
One column	$6.00	$8.00	$15.00	$60.00
Half column	4.00	6.00	12.00	40.00
Quarter column	3.00	5.00	8.00	30.00
Three inches	2.00	4.00	7.00	25.00
Two inches	1.50	3.00	5.00	20.00

Business cards $1.00 per month payable quarterly.

The above rates do not apply to auction sales, entertainments, tenders, meetings, legal notices, or anything of a transitory nature. Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each additional insertion. Yearly advertisements allowed to be changed monthly, if oftener $1.00 will be charged for each additional change.

Business locals, 50 cents for first twenty-five words, 2 cents for each additional word.

The publisher reserves the right to refuse to insert advertisements of a questionable or objectionable character.

Subscription price; $1.00 per annum, invariably in advance; single copies 5 cents.

A liberal commission will be allowed to parties who are willing to act as agents for us. Write for terms.

Address,

THE QU'APPELLE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED.

Qu'Appelle, Assa.

W. SYME REDPATH, Manager.

THURSDAY, FEB. 8, 1894.

HAY LANDS.

"The regulations governing the cutting of hay on Dominion Lands, under permit, have been abolished. No permits will be issued except upon school lands. A lease of half of any legal sub-division (20 acres) of hay lands in the vicinity of the homesteader's land can be obtained upon payment of a rental of 25 cents an acre per annum for a term of five years. Applications should be sent to this office (Dominion Lands Office, Regina) with the first year's rental."

The above is the last circular issued from the Dominion Lands Office with regard to settlers' powers of obtaining hay land. Anything more likely to prove impracticable in its working in a district like this can hardly be imagined. Hay sloughs off which a couple of tons of hay can be cut are to be found, but we very much doubt whether fifty per cent. of the farmers in this Municipality could find half of any legal sub-division of hay lands in the vicinity of their homesteads which it would be worth their while to rent at 25 cents per acre per annum for five years. The sloughs in this disrtict on an average twenty acres, would only cover a small portion of the half sub-division, and these in the course of five years would vary so in their character, being one year dried up and another under water, that a settler could never be sure what amount of hay he could obtain till the hay season arrived and then, if the department allowed him to lease a further half division, he might not be able to obtain one near his homestead. With the amount of unoccupied Government lands there are in the Territories, and to avoid disputes between neighbors as regards cutting hay, surely the Government might act more liberally and grant a lease of a quarter, half or whole section for a year for the purpose of cutting hay only off same, and in such lease give the settler the right to protect the same whilst growing. We feel sure the new regulation will not act and settlers will not apply for the proposed five years lease, and the Government will lose a large amount of revenue accordingly.

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AT MOOSOMIN.

The Moosomin people turned out in strong force on Wednesday night to do honor to Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh when they tendered him a banquet. His Worship the Mayor presided, and between 100 and 120 sat down to dinner. The usual loyal toasts having been duly honored, an address was presented to his Honor, to which he made an able reply. The Senate and House of Commons was replied to by W. W. McDonald, M.P., and the North-West Assembly by J. R. Neff and Spencer Page. Agriculture was replied to by Oliver Neff and Mr. Chappell; Commerce, Mr. Lewin. Other toasts and songs brought a very pleasant evening to a close. Moosomin must be congratulated on its fine hall—second to none in the Territories—and on the grand reception given to the Governor. On Thursday Mr. McNaughton entertained the Governor and a few friends to dinner, after which the party went to the regular Quadrille Party. The Governor and party left on Friday morning at 8 a.m. for Grenfell.

If an energetic character is one that can be attained from meeting a person who possesses one, the farmers in the North-West Territories ought in the course of the next five years all to become most energetic men whilst they have their present Liutenant-Governor presiding over them. You only have to look at His Honor to see he is full of life, and when he speaks his super-abundant energy flows out in every sentence. In conversation he remarked that there seemed to be a great idea in the Territories that one need never do to-day what one could put off till to-morrow, and this must necessarily lead to a great loss. Anyhow, it is not His Honor's idea of work, and one only has to read of the public duties he has to perform to be certain that it is not the rule he acts on. We believe that it is his intention to visit all parts of the Territories at as early a date as possible, so as to become thoroughly acquainted with the people and their requirements, and wherever he goes, to one and all we would say turn out and give him a hearty welcome and you will meet a "Thorough man," who combines practice and precept, and whether in listening to a public address from him, or having the privilege of a private conversation you will hear something which will be of use to you.

CURLING.

The competitions for the Holloway medal were brought to a conclusion on Thursday last. In the fourth draw W. J. Davidson beat A. Gray, and J. H. MacCaul beat G. S. Davidson. In the final tie J. H. MacCaul beat W. J. Davidson, and won the medal for the second time, so it now becomes his absolute property.

A competition between rinks skipped by R. Johnstone, C. E. Carthew, J. P. Beauchamp, J. McEwen, and J. Scott is now going on for a butter dish presented by J. McEwen. The successful rink has to win three times. The score at present stands: Johnstone 2, Carthew 2, Beauchamp 1, McEwen 0, Scott to play.

An exciting game was played on Monday evening. The Western Milling Company gave two sacks of flour to be competed for by rinks representing Medicine Hat Hospital and the Penny Readings Fund. J. Buckham, L. Brawn, J. McNaughton and J. McEwen (skip) represented the hospital, the other being composed of A. Raymond, A. Gray, J. P. Beauchamp and J. McDonald (skip). After they had tied four times, McEwen's rink won. This seemed to be a popular match with the ladies, as the number present was larger than has ever been seen at the rink.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the congregation of the Presbyterian Church was held on the 30th ult., with the Rev. J. McAllister in the chair. About fifty members and adherents were present. From the minutes we glean the following particulars:

The report of the treasurer for 1893, which was read, showed the receipts (including $56.25, cash in hand in July) to be $261.90, and expenditure $247.75, leaving a balance of $14.15. The report was adopted.

The report of the secretary-treasurer of the Sabbath School was read, and showed the receipts to be $54.80, and expenditure $51.14, leaving a balance of $3.66. This report was also adopted.

Mr. J. Grieve contributed the cutting of the wood for the church to the amount of $3.75.

A card was read from the Rev. A. Robson, requesting the church to subscribe $20 to Home Missions, $6 to Augmentation of Stipends, and $8 to Manitoba College. It was decided to announce a special collection for these objects.

Messrs. B. S. Ross, James Pike, E. W. Warner, J. McNaughton, J. Doolittle and G. S. Davidson were added to the list of church managers.

L. G. Bell, jr., and Mrs. Raymond were appointed auditors for the ensuing year.

A vote of thanks was tendered the choir and organist for the able music furnished by them.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by C. E. Carthew, Qu'Appelle.

RESULTS OF TESTS MADE ON THE EXPERIMENTAL FARM INDIAN HEAD.

(Continued from last week).

OATS.

Different varieties sown same date. One-tenth of an acre.

	Sown.	Ripe.	Yield.	Weight.
Cluster	May 9	Aug. 10	64 00	41
Welcome	"	" 8	78 18	42½
Winter Grey	"	" 8	82 12	40
Bonanza	"	" 7	66 16	41½
Imp. Ligows	"	" 16	79 14	40½
American Beauty	"	" 17	77 32	31
White Russian	"	" 15	60 00	36
Abundance	"	" 16	70 20	31½
Gathland	"	" 16	70 06	39
English White	"	" 19	70 30	33½
Doncaster	"	" 20	58 28	41
Giant Cluster	"	" 27	65 20	32½
Archangel	"	" 14	70 20	32½
Cream Egyptian	"	" 10	74 14	40
White Wonder	"	" 10	65 20	40½
Columbus	"	" 11	58 28	31
Challenge	"	" 14	60 15	42
American Triumph	"	" 18	58 28	31½
Siberian	"	" 24	59 14	37
Abyssinian	"	" 19	67 22	30
Scottish Chief	"	" 14	64 24	44
Poland White	"	" 14	65 02	40½
Rennie's Prize White	"	" 14	73 28	42
Victoria Prize White	"	" 14	66 16	41
Golden Beauty	"	" 19	78 08	36
Orderbruch	"	" 20	72 22	38
Holstein Prolific	"	" 19	82 12	37
Wide Awake	"	" 20	76 06	38
Cave	"	" 20	77 02	38
Flying Scotchman	"	" 14	64 04	37
Early Blossom	"	" 27	60 30	37½
Rosedale	"	" 18	70 20	31½
Banner	"	" 15	66 06	31
Imp. Irish	"	" 14	54 04	42
Hazlett's Seizure	"	" 14	60 00	41
Black Tartarian	"	" 27	56 26	37½
California Prolific Black	"	" 27	56 26	37
Black Coulemmiers	"	" 27	50 10	38½
Early Etampes	"	" 20	57 22	35
Wanette	"	" 20	52 02	31½

FIELD LOTS.

	Sown.	Ripe.	Yield.	Weight.
Welcome	May 10	Aug. 15	78 18	43
Banner	" 6	" 17	67 00	36
Bonanza	" 6	" 12	60 00	40
Cluster	" 8	" 11	77 10	40
Black Champion	" 12	" 16	36 14	36
White Russian	" 12	" 14	48 10	39
Imp. Ligowa	" 12	" 14	49 10	40½
English White	" 12	" 16	46 00	39
Winter Grey	" 12	" 16	50 31	40

TEST OF PRESS, DRILL AND BROADCAST.

	Sown.	Ripe.	Yield.	Weight.
Banner—Press	May 12	Aug. 18	100 00	38
" Drill	" 12	" 19	85 30	37½
" Broadcast	" 12	" 25	75 20	37

TEST OF SOWING DIFFERENT DEPTHS.

	Sown.	Ripe.	Yield.	Weight.
Banner—3 inches	May 12	Aug. 23	87 20	38
" 2 "	" 12	" 23	81 26	36

TEST OF SOWING DIFFERENT QUANTITIES PER ACRE.

	Sown.	Ripe.	Yield.	Weight
Banner—2 bus. per acre	May 8	Aug. 17	97 32	37
" 2½ "	" 8	" 18	89 14	36½
" 2¾ "	" 8	" 18	80 20	36½

TEST OF SOWING WITH AND WITHOUT FERTILIZERS.

	Sown.	Ripe.	Yield.	Weight.
Banner—Without Phosphate	May 10	Aug. 21	65 20	37½
" With 500 lbs. per acre	" 10	" 21	85 20	36
" With 600 lbs. Field Lime	" 10	" 23	65 20	35½

TEST OF SOWING SAME VARIETY ON DIFFERENT DATES.

	Sown.	Ripe.	Yield.	Weight.
Cluster	April 24	Aug. 7	72 02	40½
"	May 1	" 8	66 06	42
"	" 8	" 8	60 30	40½
"	" 15	" 14	56 10	41
"	" 22	" 19	58 20	41½
"	" 29	" 22	46 06	40
Banner	April 24	Aug. 17	88 28	34½
"	May 1	" 19	76 20	33
"	" 8	" 21	86 06	34
"	" 15	" 22	87 12	34
"	" 22	" 24	63 00	32½
"	" 29	" 31	61 26	33½

TEST OF STUBBLE VS. FALLOW.

	Sown.	Ripe.	Yield.	Weight
Welcome—Fall plowing	May 13	Aug. 7	36 00	38½
" Spring plowing	" 13	" 7	66 00	40
" Drill	" 13	" 8	62 00	40½
" Fallow	" 10	" 15	73 00	43

That the Experimental Farm has already done very much in the interests of agriculture in the North-West is apparent to all. The successful tests made in treating seed wheat with bluestone for the prevention of smut has had a beneficial effect all over the Territories—a glance at the wheat in the elevators at Indian Head, Sintaluta, Qu'Appelle and other stations on the C.P.R., is a sufficient corroboration of this statement. Much time and attention has been devoted to the cultivation of grasses, and it is believed that the Austrian Brome will take the lead. Professor Shaw says of it: "The Austrian Brome grass is worth thousands and thousands of dollars to the farmers of the North-West." There are over fifty head of cattle on the farm, consisting of Holsteins, Durham and Polled Angus, all of which are in splendid condition, several of their progeny having been sent to different parts of the Territories and British Columbia. The excellent exhibit from this institution with those from other parts of the Territories to the Chicago Exhibition has done much in bringing to the notice of the representatives from every land and every clime the great possibilities of our vast domain. The Experimental Farm has also done much in the interest of immigration by sending to all parts of the United States, Europe, and even the Orient, carefully selected samples of various kinds of grain, etc., accompanied by information of a most reliable nature, which has already conduced in a very material degree in bringing in many emigrants of a most desirable class to become settlers in the great North-West, which will in the not very distant future become the happy home of millions of free, contented and prosperous people, not only loyal to the land of their adoption but also to the British Empire.

The above report was furnished us by Mr. Peter Ferguson, of Indian Head, and we have been thanked by Mr. Angus McKay for publishing the same, and he trusts that it may prove useful to the farmers of the Territories.

BRAVE CAPTAIN WILLIAMS.

His Tragic Death in Mashonaland.

Surrounded by Natives He Fought With Desperate Valor Till Overpowered.

The following interesting incidents of the Matabele campaign were supplied to the London Times by Mr. Gerald Paget, who returned to England by the last mail from the Cape. He left Buluwayo on November 2, and rode straight through, via Tuli, without stopping, to the head of the railway, where he took the train for Cape Town. He arrived in England on December 16, thus accomplishing a land journey of 1900 miles and a sea voyage of 6000 miles in a space of 37 days. Mr. Paget in his narrative says:

A troop under Captain Heany was now sent out to clear the hills, but they had to retire on the laager under cover of machine-gun fire, as they rode right into the Matabele reserve, who followed them until they were driven back by our guns. In the meantime B troop, under Borrow, was sent out to clear the bush in front, and met with a good deal of resistance, losing several horses. The dismounted men, however, were

ALL SAVED BY THEIR COMRADES,

who rode double back with them to camp. The enemy gradually cleared out of the bush and off the hills, and we last saw them on the high kopjes two miles off, from which they were shelled out of sight by Captain Lendy's 7-pounder.

From prisoners we learnt that the force we had defeated was composed of the Insukamini Regiment (Lobengula's crack young corps), with the Euxa, Enginga and Egappa people, about 5000 in all. They had been waiting for us in the Samabula Forest, but Major Forbes had fortunately altered his route and left the forest on the right. They had only caught us up the day before, and had intended to attack at 10 o'clock in the evening, but were frightened by the rockets, explaining that they thought we were talking to the stars.



THE MATABELE WAR: DEATH OF CAPTAIN WILLIAMS.

The fate of Captain Gwynydd Williams is now placed beyond all doubt; but he died like a soldier, with his back to a rock, fighting to the last.

In going round the bush afterwards we came upon an induna, evidently of high rank (as he wore spurs, carried a pistol, and had plenty of mealies for his horse), hanging dead on a tree. He had been wounded, and, rather than be taken back defeated to his own people or fall into the hands of the white men, had thus put an end to his life. Two or three other wounded assegaied themselves to death as we came round, fearing, no doubt, to receive the measures which they invariably mete out to their fallen enemies; but their fears were of course unfounded. The few wounded Matabele who were brought in were well treated and soon became reassured and communicative. One of them laughed at the idea of Lobengula's crack regiment having been defeated by a "handful of boys," as he called us.

The next day, Oct. 26, I had a slight attack of fever, and was sent to the hospital waggon. The scouts subsequently went out without me. In the evening Ifah Williams rode into camp with a note from his brother Gwynnyd. It seems they were being pursued by the Insukamini Regiment, whose kraal they had just burnt. Soon after the other scouts came in, but without Captain Williams. They said they had been surprised

WHILE BURNING THE KRAAL,

and had had to gallop for dear life. Gwynnyd was riding a horse he called Buluwayo, which had bolted when the firing of the natives began.

The horse, the scouts said, had bolted with Williams and had galloped right down the line of natives. He got clear of them, but met another party of Matabele coming round to the right. The other scouts wheeled sharp to the left in time to escape them, and got clear of both parties, and they said that before they lost sight of Williams he also had got through the second batch of Matabele.

There was no news of him in the morning, so the column was halted, and the Kaffir boys sent out to trace his spoor. They returned, having found the track with blood marks, but had to retreat, having been fired on by Matabele. Borrow's troop were sent out and followed the spoor until dark. They made out from the blood on the bush that the Captain's horse had been wounded. The blood marks gradually ceased, however, and they concluded that the wound was slight and the horse had held out, but there were ominous signs of natives following the spoor, and of others coming down from the kraals to join in the chase. Personally, I gave up all hope of poor Gwynnyd after this, although the spoor was taken up the next morning where Borrow had left it. My worst fears were confirmed by a wounded Matabele, who was brought in some days subsequently. He told us that the horse had gone on till he could go no further, and that Williams had tried to catch one of three loose horses which had been lost a few days before, but had failed; that his horse

HAD COME TO A STANDSTILL,

and that he had dismounted and run on to a spot where there was a heap of stones, in the open. Here he stopped, and with his hat waved his pursuers to come on. He emptied his repeating rifle upon them, killing or wounding two men; he then emptied his revolver, and was himself finally shot in the forehead. Poor boy he made a soldier's end—perhaps the one he would have chosen for himself. He was a brave and true-hearted man of bright intelligence and more than ordinary ability. He had done yeoman's service all through the campaign, having for weeks been the eyes and ears of Salisbury column. Had he lived, I believe he would have done something in this world; but I know this that he will be remembered by those who served with him.

For the next few days I have nothing to record but weary marching, and being sick with fever. There was continuous firing by the flanking parties and advance guard; we were evidently getting into the thick of it, and the crisis was coming. We were told that Lobengula had fled, that he was disgusted with the defeat of his regiments at Shangani, and that we should have to be prepared to meet his final effort. We knew afterwards that, at this time, he had ordered his two crack regiments to advance against us, and we heard that it was upon the line of march that we should be next attacked. The columns were working splendidly together, and Major Forbes had redoubled his precautions against surprise. We were not disappointed. On the morning of November 1 we had inspanned our waggons and were slowly advancing along the ridge of the Matoppo,

LEADING TO BULUWAYO.

We were in a difficult country, with bush on all sides. I was out with the scouts, seeking the best road by which the column could advance. It was impossible to go straight ahead, and a detour had to be made in order that the column could laager on open ground. This, by great good chance, we found, and after a difficult morning's work, the waggons were laagered in an open space on a slightly rising ground, at a spot where there was a small kraal to the right of our camp. We outspanned; the oxen and horses were turned out to graze, and the men settled down to have their dinners. Just at one o'clock those in advance came galloping in with a cry, "Look out, the niggers are coming!" True enough, there they were, swarming on the right and front of the laager 1200 yards away. Captain Lendy with his 7-pounder opened on them, we reserving our fire until they came closer. The pickets were still out, and they fired and ran in towards the camp; unfortunately, however, one man was assegaied before he could get in. The enemy were now well within range, and a deadly fire was poured upon them. The machine guns were brought into action and swept down the front ranks of the advancing Matabele. We blazed away for fully half an hour. The smoke was dense, but still we could see that we had not as yet seriously checked the enemy. They crept up behind the kraal, under cover of which they enfiladed us. In the meantime the Victoria column had run out their Maxim and were doing deadly execution. We had to fire at the kraal and through its reed huts to get at the Matabele who were behind it. We had been fighting now for fully half an hour and pouring a fire into the enemy which no troops in the world, unassisted by artillery, could possibly withstand. Suddenly the enemy seemed to waver, and a shout went up from the laager that they were retreating. Major Forbes, who had all this while been directing the action, gave an order for C troop to mount and advance in pursuit. When they reached the edge of the bush the Matabele rallied and attacked them. A company from the Victoria laager was sent in support, and after a short and sharp fight the Matabele, who had attacked on the right, retreated in good order. (These Matabele are splendid infantry; their skirmishing is worthy of European troops. They avail themselves of every bit of cover the country affords. They sit down, shoot, get up and run a short distance, sit, and shoot again. They are brave men, but against modern weapons they have no chance.)

In the meantime a body of the enemy had been sighted on the left, and the Victoria laager despatched a troop of their horse to disperse them. They advanced some distance over the brow of a hill.

SOME OF THE ENEMY

with whom we had been engaged on the right, seeing that they were separated by the hill from the laager, crept round under cover of the bush with the object of cutting them off. A well-directed fire from Captain Lendy's 7-pounder frightened and dispersed them, and after a slight skirmish the battle on Blembis river was over.

WAS ALIVE IN HIS COFFIN.

Thousands Had Gathered for the Funeral—Signs of Life Observed as the Casket Lid Was Placed on.

A London special says:—Thousands of persons gathered in the cemetery at Burton-on-Trent to-day to attend the funeral of Town Councillor Charles Wilman. When members of the family were called to take a last look at Wilman's face before the coffin lid should be screwed down two persons said they saw signs of life.

Physicians who were summoned pronounced Wilman alive.

The funeral services were suspended and the crowd was dismissed.

Wilman was taken from the coffin and is now under treatment.

"So you and George have been staying with my dear old friends Sir Isaac and Lady Lincrusta Walton! Didn't you find them very nice to you?" "Yes, especially when we were leaving!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Profitable Poultry Management.

The saying, with pigs, that "all the breed is in the trough," would be very applicable when used with poultry, for it is very evident that as much depends on food, care and management as on a careful selection of suitable kinds. It very naturally follows that if you can succeed well with the common dunghill fowls, you can, most assuredly, do much better with improved kinds, for it is an evident fact that improved breeds of all kinds will give better and quicker returns for good care than common or ordinary breeds will, while, with but common care, the lower grades will give the best returns, for they are accustomed to such treatment, and the higher or improved grades or breeds are not.

If you do not happen to possess a flock of improved poultry, by all means become the fortunate possessor at once, or else put all the old common dunghill cocks to the block, and in their places substitute improved ones, in the proportion of one cock to six hens, and thus commence an improved system of poultry management, for then you will find it a profitable undertaking, if otherwise properly conducted.

Let me next take a peep at your hen house, and see if there has been any stint of whitewash. This great deodorizing and disinfecting agent should be applied, in the summer months, inside and outside of the house, and on the roost poles, about once a week, and oftener if necessity requires it. Give plenty of air and light in the summer, and restrict this to ventilation, light and warmth in the winter.

There are several ways of managing the poultry houses, adopted by persons whose means vary as widely as do their tastes. One very good way is to have the house large enough (with hens enough to warrant this) to have a small stove inside, to be warmed only on very cold days, the house, the rest of the time, to be kept warm and comfortable, by having it fastened up nicely wherever the cold could gain access.

The fowls are confined to the house most of the day, the exception being that about nine or ten o'clock we give them a run of about half an hour or so, to give them an opportunity to exercise their rather cramped-up limbs, and to get some pure fresh air. They are allowed to have another run toward evening; and we have found that they will continue healthy if this "run" system is at all times adhered to during the winter months, roup, pips, cholera, etc., being prevented.

Depth of Tile Drains.

It is generally conceded that tile drainage is the most valuable improvement that can be added to wet lands. It is equally true that it is a costly improvement, counting the hard labor and money.

The most difficult matter now to decide for the general satisfaction of all, appears to be the depth they should be laid to do the best work. For three or four years past it appears that a more shallow depth is accepted in many cases than formerly, or else the sources of information have been more extended, and brought to light the work of these men that practice shallow drainage. In reports of farmers' institutes the fact comes out that many farmers believe that less than two feet is the best depth.

The truth is, that what suits one farmer hardly suits another in all respects. Farmers work on an economic basis that governs all their actions. Some figure for immediate returns, and unless they can see returns in the near future for an investment made, they take no stock in it. It is a good deal easier to cut an 18 or 20-inch ditch and lay the tile in it, than to cut 24 to 36-inch, grade perfectly, and lay the tile. For the former, the work is cleaner, not so hard on the back and muscles generally, as the latter, and besides it does not cost so much. We have never yet seen a soil or clay that would not get soaking wet at a greater depth than 18 inches, or two feet. Some of the most uncertain cropping soil on this farm, before drainage, would dry out, and crack to a greater depth than this. We believe that any soil that will absorb water will in time become areated if the water is removed.

When we commenced draining this farm about a decade ago, after consulting all authorities at hand we concluded that three feet would be the best depth for us, and the first winter we put down something near 400 rods at an average of three feet. Thirty to thirty-two inches of the soil as a rule worked easily, and sometimes the full depth was reached without great difficulty, but usually from two to six inches in the bottom of the three-foot cut had more or less limestone gravel mixed with the clay. Often it took as long to remove and grade this for a smooth bottom for the tile, as it did to cut the rest of the ditch.

Those that have had experience know how difficult it is to get a smooth, even grade when the clay is filled with small pebbles or gravel. We found that by cutting 30 to 32 inches we could avoid this hard work and additional expense: consequently our rule now is to go as near as we can to this gravel deposit. If the soil and clay could be worked, our preference would be to cut at least three feet deep. The deeper we have the tile laid, the less liable the land is to surface wash.

In one instance we cut through hard clay at a depth of three and a half feet; for two or three years after the water would stand on the surface within a few feet of this drain, and it began to look like the advocates of shallow drainage were solid in their claims, but now the water disappears as quickly as desired after hard rains. We have a few rods of tile laid across a pond or hole, that are only 15 to 18 inches under the surface. They do the work, and clover and grain crops flourish over them. The soil is very rich, and we would be much better satisfied if they were laid deeper, but the surface wash will cover them deeper as years of rotation go on.

Where it is possible to cut a greater depth than 18 inches to two feet, we should always do it, regardless of the density of the clay, and wait patiently for the air and frost to do their work of opening up the soil. If we only had 18 to 22 inches of soil above water line, we would expect to make a great success at growing clover. We would want a greater depth to work on, and aim to make clover help open up the soil.

In the consideration of this matter these questions come up: Has shallow drainage given entire satisfaction after having been in operation for a term of years? Do men practice and advocate it, that have a thorough knowledge of the principles that govern such work and the results that are to be expected?

We admit that our experience is limited, but when we hear of tile being taken up and relaid because too deep at first, we are anxious to know if they were properly laid at first; and when we hear of men cutting, only two feet deep to lay an eight-inch main, we can but think that in the end there will be money wasted. In our work of tile drainage we have struck hard, mean places that made the temptation strong to let up on the depth; but we started out to secure greater depth of soil in just such places, and we are are now glad that we persevered to finish these places as we planned. It would require most adverse circumstances in prosecuting the work to satisfy us with less than two feet of earth above the tile.—John M. Jamison in Ohio Farmer.

Veterinary.

Rheumatism.—Hog that is lame; first lost use of one fore leg, then the opposite hind one. She eats well and seems strong every other way; due to pig in march. W. N.S.—Your sow suffers from rheumatism, affecting the joints. Give 20 grains salol three times a day, in feed. Give enough epsom salts in feed to open the bowels; change feed.

Mange.—Scotch Colly dog has some kind of itch; he scratches and digs at himself; has taken lots of hair off; he is fat and to all appearances in good health otherwise. C.R.C.—First clip hair off dog. Apply bichloride mercury, one part to five hundred parts hot water. Apply a little glycerine to sore parts of skin once every two days.

Cramps.—Some of my four-months old pigs act crampy. I feed them on middlings, ground wheat and corn meal. They are kept in a dry, warm stable. A.W.—Change their feed and give half a teaspoonful of nitrate of potash to each pig twice a day. Allow them to take more exercise. Apply spirits of camphor to parts which cramp, twice a day.

Megrims.—Jersey heifer was taken with what appeared to be fits, last spring. Will twist her head over her shoulder, fall over as if dead. She eats well. Veterinarian treated her for six weeks and did not help her. J. L.—Your heifer suffers from megrims and is incurable. Keep her bowels open; do not feed her high and feed her well cooked food. Avoid getting her excited, and she may do very well.

Supposed Hog Cholera.—There is a disease pestering the hogs in this neighborhood. Some neighbors call it hog cholera. If so, is there any remedy to be used or preventive so as to keep well hogs from taking it? H. G.—Separate the healthy from the unhealthy. If hogs once take cholera they usually die. I do not believe that they have hog cholera.

Cracked Heels.—Gelding has little sores below fetlock joint; leg began to swell, and about two weeks later found several more little sores on and about fetlock joint. Matter continues to ooze from these parts. S.K.D.—Poultice the heels with carrots or turnips that have been well boiled and mashed as if for table use; then apply to heels twice a day, iodoform 1 oz., glycerine 4 oz.

Malignant Sore.—Mare got calked or snagged about one year ago, just at top of hoof; wound about as large as a nickel; have tried many remedies to heal it and all have failed. Now there is a sore: the lump looks like proud flesh; bleeds easily. She does not go lame. G.B.—Apply equal parts glycerine and iodoform to sore twice a day. Occasionally touch the raw surface with nitrate of silver; that will greatly assist in stimulating a healthy action.

Mange—Indigestion.—Colt coming two years old, during the past month has rubbed nearly all the hair off her body; seems to be scabby; have treated her for lice. G. S.—Clip colt, wash skin with soap and water, and apply equal parts vinegar and water once a day. Give two drams Fowler's solution of arsenic, three times a day. Keep bowels open and feed well.

Stringhalt.—Thrifty five-year old mare used for light driving mostly. For some reasons she steps high with right hind foot; the action resembles stringhalt or cramp. I notice swelling four inches above the hock; swelling sore to touch. I do not detect any fluctuation. H. P. M.—The swelling you refer to may be the cause of stringhalt or cramp. Apply tr. iodine three times a day. Should swelling not disappear then open up freely with a knife.

A BATTLE FOUGHT IN 15 MINUTES.

Defeat of the Sofas by the British—200 of the Enemy Killed—400 Slaves Set Free.

A London despatch says:—The War Office has received a despatch sent from Free Town, Sierra Leone, to-day, giving the despatches sent by Colonel A. B. Ellis, Commander of the British forces operating against the Sofas in the interior of Sierra Leone. Col. Ellis' despatches are dated Tungea, Jan. 9. He says that he started from Warina on Dec. 26. After crossing a section of the country 42 miles broad, through the whole extent of which the Sofas had been going recently, the British expedition reached the Rum River on Dec. 29th.

Here a successful attempt was made to establish communication with the Konnos who were hidden in the forest on the further bank of the river. The Konnos informed the British that the main body of the Sofas had crossed the river on Dec. 18. They had destroyed Yardu, though the people of that place had hitherto been on friendly terms with them. The Sofas then proceeded to Kerrayemna for the purpose of joining others of the tribe, their intention being to attack the British at Tungea.

The column crossed the Rum River in pursuit of the natives and reached Kerra Yemna on Dec. 31. The place was found to be a perfect charnel house. The Sofas had slaughtered the inhabitants, men, women and children, and then left. The British bivouacked in the forest on the night of Jan. 1. Long before daybreak, on the morning of the 2nd, the British started in pursuit of the enemy, who had evidently changed their minds about attacking the British.

At four o'clock in the morning the British came upon the Sofas and fell upon them. The enemy was taken completely by surprise. The place had been strongly blockaded, but the British carried the position in a quarter of an hour. Two hundred of the Sofas were killed and 70 were taken prisoners. Over 100 slaves, women and children, were rescued. The horde of Sofas slave traders were completely dispersed. The only casualties sustained by the British were the severe wounding of Lieut. Gwynn and one private.

Fun in the Printing Office.

The humours of a newspaper office are sometimes most amusing. The following incident happened not very far from Glasgow. One of the reporters had written a paragraph, and being nonplussed as to whether he should insert a comma at a certain place or not, he applied to the editor. The editor told him, as he (the reporter) indicated where he thought the comma should be inserted, that he was "streets off it." The reporter got somewhat nettled at this, and on the editor pointing out where the comma should be inserted, he told him he was wrong. After discussing the matter for some time they agreed to adjourn to a "pub," and settle it over a pint of beer. After having had a few "pints," they settled it by leaving the matter to the compositor, the editor saying, by the way, that whenever he had any difficulty in punctuation he invariably left the compositor to put in the stops where he liked.

An Odd Collection.

A man in Colorado has a quaint collection of bottles. It is divided into two sections. Section one is large. Section two is not. Section one contains hundreds of bottles, the contents of which his wife swallowed hoping to find relief from her physical sufferings. Section two contains a few bottles that once were filled with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It was this potent remedy that gave the suffering wife her health again. It cures all irregularities, internal inflammation and ulceration, displacements and kindred troubles. It has done more to relieve the sufferings of women than any other medicine known to science.

Pile tumors, rupture and fistula, radically cured by improved methods. Book 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

When a washerwoman changes her place of residence one may ask her "where she hangs out now" without using slang.

Manager—"De Circassian girl's in a peck o' trouble!" Living skeleton—"How's that?" "She married de two-headed boy yesterday, an' dey arrested her fer bigamy dis mornin'."

Nerve Pain Cure.

Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, and spasms. Nerviline cures vomiting, diarrhœa, cholera, and dysentery. Nerviline cures headache, sea sickness and summer complaint. Nerviline cures neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, and sciatica. Nerviline cures sprains, bruises, cuts, &c. Polson's Nerviline is the best remedy in the world, and only costs 10 and 25 cents to try it. Sample and large bottles at any drug store. Try Polson's Nerviline.

SAVED BY A NEWSPAPER.

The Story of an Ottawa Business Man.

Afflicted With Deafness and Partial Paralysis—Obliged to Give up His Business on Account of These Infirmities—To the Surprise of His Friends Has Been Fully Restored to Health.

From the Ottawa Free Press.

Mr. R. Ryan, who is well-known in Ottawa and vicinity, having been until recently a merchant of this city, relates an experience that cannot fail to prove interesting to all our readers. It is well-known to Mr. Ryan's acquaintances that he has been almost totally deaf since twelve years of age, and that some time ago this affliction was made still more heavy by a stroke af partial paralysis. Recently it has been noticed that Mr. Ryan has been cured of these troubles, and a reporter thinking that his story would be of benefit to the community requested permission to make it public, and it was given by Mr. Ryan as follows:—"In the fall of 1883, when I was about twelve years of age, I caught a severe cold in the head, which gradually developed into deafness, and daily became worse, until in the month of July, 1884, I had become totally deaf, and was forced on account of this to leave school. The physician whom I consulted informed me that my deafness was incurable, and I concluded to bear my ailments as well as I could. In 1889 I started a store about two miles from Calumet Island, Que., but not being able to converse with my patrons on account of my deafness, I found it almost impossible to make business a success. However, things were getting a little brighter until last April when I took a severe pain, or rather what appeared to be a cramp, in my right leg below the knee. I was then doing business in Ottawa, having come to the city from the place above mentioned. At first I gave no heed to the pain, thinking it would disappear but on the contrary it grew worse, and in the course of a few weeks I had to use a cane and could scarcely bear any weight on my leg. I continued to go about this way for two weeks, when a similar cramp attacked my left arm, and in less than two weeks, in spite of all I could do for it, I could not raise the arm four inches from my body and I found that the trouble was partial paralysis. Judge my condition—a leg and an arm useless, and deaf besides. Being able to do nothing else, I read a great deal and one day noticed in one of the city papers of a man being cured of paralysis by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately began the use of Pink Pills and before I had finished the third box I noticed a curious sensation in my leg, and the pain began to leave it excepting when I endeavored to walk. Well, the improvement continued, gradually extended to my arm, and by the time I had completed the seventh box my leg and arm were as well as ever, and my general health was much better. And now comes a stranger part of my experience. I began to wonder why people who were conversing with me would shout so loud. Of course they had always had to shout owing to my deafness, but I was under the impression that they were beginning to shout much louder. After having bade them 'speak lower' several times, I enquired why they still persisted in shouting, or rather yelling at me, and was surprised to be informed that they were not speaking as loudly as formerly. This led to an investigation and judge my joy when I found that Pink Pills were curing the deafness which was supposed to have been caused by catarrh. I continued the Pink Pills for a month and a half longer, and I now consider myself perfectly cured after having been deaf for ten years. I can hear ordinary conversation and am fit for business, though I am yet a little dull of hearing, but this is not deafness, it is simply dulness, the result of my ten years inability to hear conversations, which still leaves me with an inclination not to heed what is being said. But I am all right and you may say from me that I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine known to man, and that I shall be forever indebted to them for my renewed health and strength.

Newspaper ethics usually prevent the publication in the news columns of anything that might be construed as an advertisement, and thus much valuable information is suppressed that might prove of incalculable benefit to thousands. The praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sung throughout the land, they should be familiar in every household, and newspapers should unite in making them so.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralaysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as supressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

Bits of Advice.

Don't wait for the wagon while the walking is good.

Don't grieve over spilt milk while there's one cow left on the pasture.

Don't say the world is growing worse when you are doing nothing to make it better.

Don't let the grass grow under your feet. The cows can't get at it there.

"What is your son going to do now that he has left college, Mrs. Spriggins?" I dunno exactly. He's talking of going into law; but I've heern tell as there's lots o' money in bankruptcy, an' I'd like to have him try that.

Purely Vegetable.

First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of some of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The juices of plants greatly concentrated and purified, gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combined, give the grand result. Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spot, does not lay a man up for a week, but goes on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitutes.

One piece of ice is called an icicle, but it would not be correct to call two pieces of ice a bicycle, and three pieces a tricycle.

Take One Free.

A pillow sham holder on the bed will save the thrifty housewife much worry and vexation. There is only one first-class holder on the market. It is "The Tarbox," which makes the shams look the best, last the longest, and does not injure the bed. Drop a post card to the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 Adelaide west, Toronto, and you will be advised how to get a Tarbox sham holder FREE.

The difference between a form and a ceremony is that you sit on the former and stand on the latter.

St. Leon is recommended on the Highest Scientific authority. Why dose your system with filthy drugs when St. Leon can be obtained for a trifle?

A.P. 695.

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Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." Rev. W. H. Haggarty, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference, April 25, '90. A Safe Remedy.

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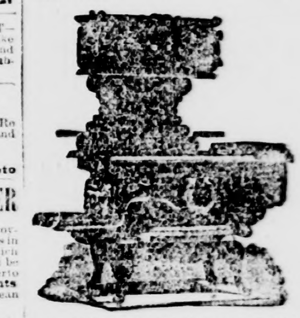
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AN UNSATISFACTORY LOVER.

BY "THE DUCHESS," IN LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"If it had been any one but you! You so honest. Are you sure that you know what you are doing?" asks Trefusis, regarding her with a frowning brow.

"Oh, I know all you would say!" cries Terry, with deep agitation; she clasps her hands together with convulsive misery. "All! all! I have been through it myself. I know what I seem to you, but——" She breaks down.

It is ten days later,—ten days which have been given up to the mourning of Miss Bridget, who wouldn't have given up one hour for the sake of anything in earth or heaven. Terry had been a little glad of the ten days of solitude: they had kept her from seeing Trefusis. And though a lover, in most cases, might be admitted at any time or on any occasion, she ordained it otherwise in her own case. It helped her to put off the evil hour of renunciation for a day or two at least.

But time, like most things, is a failure. There is nothing substantial in it. Conscious of its defects, no doubt, it flies from us. The ten days have come to an end, and with them Terry's reprieve. To-day—now—she is standing looking at Trefusis, with her breath scant, and her eyes a dream of misery. She has at last laid bare to him her settled determination to end their engagement.

"But what,"—sternly,—"what do you think you seem to me?"

"False and worldly." She turns more directly to him, compelling herself to it with fear and sad misgivings at her heart. He will judge her harshly. But she is acting rightly, well.

However sure she may be of this, she has certainly grown very pale. Trefusis, with cold questioning eyes, can see that she is deeply disturbed. But how beautiful she is through all her sadness and distress! He knows her well enough to understand that this dividing of herself from him is a distress. How sweet she looks,—

White as the sun, fair as the lily!

She has clinched her hands tightly together before going on.

"I know what you think. It is open to all people to think now. That I accepted you when I was poor, and threw you over when I—was no longer poor. I wish—I wish," with almost passionate regret, "that I had said all this to you that evening, when——"

"When I read your letter," he put in quickly, as if defying her reserve.

"Ah! that letter!"

"But for it, perhaps——"

"No, no!" She lifts her hands. "It would have made no difference, I think. I had often wanted to tell you that I could not marry you. And that letter, it made an end, nothing more. But what I wish is," her voice vibrating with poignant sorrow, "that I had said all this to you before her death!"

"For how long have you wanted to tell me you could not marry me!" asks Trefusis in a strange tone.

"I don't know." She presses her hands against her eyes, as if to compel memory, or else shut him out. "I know nothing as it should be. It is all so strange, so dark. But I do know that I meant to tell you, long before my aunt's death, that I would not marry you. I did! I did!" she cries, her eyes tearless, but her voice full of weeping. "You do—you must believe me!"

He bows his head affirmatively if stiffly.

"But say it!" entreats she, with a vehement gesture.

"Of course I believe you. Do you think I would have loved you as I do, if I did not believe you?" He draws his breath a little sharply. "Now you have it all your own way," says he, "I hope you are satisfied." He stops and smiles at her; a queer smile, filled with many complex thoughts.

"You will be satisfied too," says she, in a half suffocated tone; he can see that she is crying now. "You will be rid of me; you will forget me——"

"Probably," coldly. "What I shall not forget, however, is that I was engaged for some weeks to a girl who spent that time wondering how she could in any decent way put an end to her engagement with me."

"That is taking a very unkind view of it," Terry cries, tremulously, and with a touch of indignation. "The truth, the real truth, is plain to every one. And it places me altogether in the wrong. I should never have accepted you; having accepted you, I should have kept to my word: Yet I have failed in both ways. Oh, I know how I shall be regarded by my world. But you—now that all is over between us—might be more generous to me. You"—looking wistfully up at him with sweet drenched eyes—"you must know how I shall be condemned and commented upon by many people, whereas you will go quite free."

"Quite free," bitterly. His tone troubles her.

"Yes. Quite free without a backward thought," says she, eagerly. "For you see, you know, you never really loved me. It was a fancy on your part,—a mere passing fancy. But love, there was no love."

A pause follows this, short but tragical, while they gaze into each other's eyes. Then he catches her by the arms, holding her, reading her, his face transfigured from its studied calm to passionate anger. She has never seen him show so much emotion before. She had not thought him capable of it. It is a revelation to her.

"A lie! A lie! says he, between his clenched teeth, "and you know it." Suddenly he flings her from him. "Pah! you are not worth remembering!" says he.

On his way home through the park he meets Geraldine Anson. His brain still on fire, he has not time to conceal the anger that is consuming him, when a sudden turn in the woodland path brings him face to face with her. He would have hurried by her with a slight recognition, but she stops him. There is wonder, gratified revenge, hope, in her expression, as she puts out her hand to check him.

"Something has happened," says she, breathlessly. "She has thrown you over? It is at an end, that engagement?"

He bows his head.

"It is as well that every one should know it, as soon as possible," says he, making an effort to speak as usual, but failing.

"What!" cries Miss Anson. She breaks into a little low, strained laugh. "She has flung you aside now,—when her future is safe without you. I knew she would do that. But so soon! Has she no decency, no sense of delicacy? She used you as a prop until she got a stronger staff, then flung you remorselessly aside. Was that fair dealing? Was that honesty?"

"I never met any one so honest," says Trefusis, a dull flush mounting to his brow.

"Honest! Oh!" sharply, as if angered beyond control by his answer. "One can be too generous. And to her—to one who has treated you so treacherously! What did I tell you when first you were engaged to her? Do you remember? Did I not warn you that she was clever!—too clever?"

"It is you who are too clever," says Trefusis, with suppression. "You fail to understand her."

"Too dull, I suppose you mean," with heavy asperity. "I confess I do not aspire to such cleverness as hers. If you wish me to think that you still regard Miss O'More with admiration,—that you call her worthy of——"

"I call her nothing," impatiently. He hesitates, and then goes on quickly, "except the sweetest, the loveliest, the most desirable girl I have ever met."

"Your acquaintance with desirable girls must be limited," says Miss Anson, quietly, but with a certain down-drawing of her lips. "I call her a jilt."

"I hope you will not." Trefusis turns to her; his whole manner has undergone a change. There is extreme anxiety in it now. "We have been friends, surely," says he,—"friends now for three years For the sake of that friendship I ask you to abstain from hard words towards Miss O'More."

"You would spare her," says she, frowning.

"And myself too. After all, she is nothing now to me; nothing in the world, and never will be. Of your goodness be good to her. I am going away. I shall——"

"Going away?" There is open concern on her face now. "Where?"

"Where do all rejected swains go?" he asks, laughing: it is a rather dreary laugh. "To the Rocky Mountains, isn't it? Perhaps I shall go there. And if not, somewhere else.

"I shall hear of you?" she asks, as he moves past her with a kindly nod.

"Yes, you shall hear."

CHAPTER XIX.

It seems impossible, she tells herself, yet only a week has elapsed after the going of Trefusis before Terry knows that she misses him.

At first—the first day or two, that is—there was a high sense of relief; a feeling of liberty regained, of self-dependence restored. But the third day shattered all that.

Its morning broke dull and cheerless. Rain was falling. From the ivy branches the drip-drip-drip of the rain-drops could be heard continuously all the day. Terry, rising from breakfast, wandered idly to the drawing-room. There, or in the garden, Trefusis used to come to her every morning. There was no one to come.

She thought his visits an intrusion then, while he was still in the country; determination had made her think them so; but when those visits were forever at an end, the morning felt very long. There was such an odd, strange feeling about everything,—such a blank!

She walked from room to room restlessly. The news that he was gone had been conveyed to her by Fanny, in a letter. Fanny had disdained to bring the news by which Terry knew that she was terribly angry with her. But Terry was so angry on a small account of her own that she passed over Fanny's unjust indignation very lightly.

Why had he gone thus, suddenly, without another word, then, when all was reversed between them,—when she was no longer the beggarmaid?

How long the day was! Yet it ought to be a festival with her. She was now rid forever of the visits she used to dread,—of the voice, the step. And yet——

He had played the lord over her, no doubt, until she had told herself that she hated him. But that was all over, and her chance should have been given her. She would have liked to play the lady over him, for a little,—if that could be done without the hateful tie of engagement.

But he was gone. Fanny's letter had told her that yesterday. He had gone away the morning after her final rejection of him. He could not have gone a moment earlier. He was glad of his escape, the girl told herself with a queer laugh. Thus ended that third day.

* * * * * * *

This day is charming. A last taste of summer pervades it. It is a week later, and Mr. Trefusis's going has become a thing of the past. Terry, leaning over the old balustrades, looks to the south, where the light-blue clouds are blowing, and whence the stir of the sea can be heard. Larry, who is beside her, touches her arm, as if to bring her back from fairy-land, or whatever land it may be to which her thoughts have wandered.

"Yes?" says she turning to him, her eyes a little vague.

"I wish you would try to help a fellow," says Larry, in an aggrieved tone.

"Help you? Of course I'll help you in any way I can."

"Come down from the clouds, then," says he jealously.

"Oh, clouds!" says she, laughing, a little uncertainly perhaps. "Well, I'm down now: what can I do for you?"

"You can marry me! says Larry, promptly, brilliantly. It is a tribute to his innate honesty that it never for one moment occurs to him that he ought not to ask her to marry him now, because of the money she has just come into. To Terry also it must be allowed that not one base thought of her cousin on this subject helps her to her decision.

She looks at him sadly.

"Well, will you marry me?" he asks.

"No. Larry, don't be angry with me. Every one"—pathetically—"is angry with me now, I think. But you won't be; will you? I couldn't marry you. I don't love you that way. I couldn't, indeed!"

"I believe you are in love with that confounded prig after all, in spite of your sending him away," says Larry, violently. "You have been moping for the last week; not a word for any one. Just look at your face."

Indeed, her face is a study. A deep blush has dyed it. So vivid, so painful is this rush of color that it brings tears to her eyes. All at once she knows that she is trembling. What had Larry said to make her feel like this, and why should it touch her so? It is false!—false! There is no truth in it. Yet it is only by a determined effort that she keeps herself from bursting into tears.

"You are rude," she says with a calmness that costs her a good deal. "If I blush, it is for you,—your manner,—the way you speak. It is better to say the last word at once, Larry. I shall never marry you; never. I"—tremulously—"would rather be an old maid forever than marry you."

"You won't say that when you are an old maid; and I'll wait till then," says the devoted Larry.

Terry bursts into uncontrollable laughter.

Our sweetest laughter with some pain is fraught,

sang one not to be surpassed, some years ago; and indeed, Terry's mirth is full of unshed tears.

"Ah, don't!" says she. "It will be no use; and look at my nose, Larry. I shall be a hideous old maid!"

"Oh, I'll wait," says he. "I'll chance the nose!" At this they both laugh.

* * * * * * *

Eight months have gone by, and once more sweet April is with us. The trees are all alive; each bush and shrub is casting forth its greenery.

Of Spring that breaks with all her leaves,
Of birds that build in thatch and eaves,
Of woodlands where the throstle calls,
Of girls that gather cowslip balls,

there are enough and to spare. Terry, stepping into the sweet up-bursting garden, stands still, as if to take in all the delights around her. From a corner of the old orchard beyond, a stray wind has blown, some blossoms on her head.

"Ah, it is sweet sweet!" She sighs and throws out her arms pensively. The winter is over,—the long, long winter.

She is glad to think of it as buried, dead. It was terribly long, and so singularly dull, so inexpressibly dreary. Fanny had gone abroad, Fanny, who had been so cold to her, so almost unkind. Just at the very last she had asked Terry to go with her to Florence but Terry had refused.

There were the boys, she said. But the boys had not helped her to bear the dulness. Max had been sent to a grinder, preparatory to his entering college, and Geoffrey, with many tears on both sides, had gone to a good school at a great distance. So that, after all! the boys did not count. The winter had been almost too lonely for endurance.

She had had no one to keep her company during the long cold nights. And sometime, in her solitary sittings over the fire, she had thought of Trefusis. Her mind had gone after him a good deal when first he left her, and then had grown stagnant; but those sad silent evenings, when even the boys were away, compelled her to think of him again. Over and over her brain travelled across the road that had had him as a passenger.

It was spring then too, and certainly he had made a little break in the monotony of her life. She acknowledged so much to her unwilling heart, and more than that. He had loved her! In the solitude of the winter she had learned to believe so much. Yes, he had loved her, in his own way,—a high and mighty way, no doubt,—but there was love in it, love all through it, for all that.

Here—to-day—this thought recurs to her again.

A pattering of feet behind her brings her to sudden calm. She turns.

"Fanny!" she cries.

"Here I am!" declares Fanny, most superfluously, flinging herself into Terry's arms.

"You are back! you are home!" says Terry, clinging to her convulsively. Oh, how sweet it is to see her again, to know that some human thing, in sympathy with her, is within a mile or so of her!

"Came last night," gasps Fanny, holding her back and shaking her lovingly. "Silly baby, not to come with me! But I'm back anyway, and Terry, darling,"—with the fondest air,—"so glad to see you again. How sweet you look! How sweet your garden looks!—how sweet it all is!"

"You especially," says Terry, catching her and kissing her again.

"Oh, get away, flatterer."

"When did you come?"

"A moment ago."

"No!"

"Well, half an hour ago, and ran down to see you first thing."

"Oh Fanny!"

"Yes, you ought to be conceited over it. But," slowing off a little, "the fact is, Terry, I ought to let you know at once that—Gerrard is with us."

"Mr. Trefusis!"

"Yes, Gerrard. He would come. I tried all I could to prevent him, but you know Robbie! He's such a fool. But I suppose it won't matter much, darling, will it? As you are so indifferent to him——"

"And he so indifferent to me," says Terry smiling.

"Oh, as for that, quite, I think. He talks of you in the most usual manner. He has quite got over that, I think, so you need not be worried about it in any way. And you'll come up to dinner to-night, won't you? Better get over it at once, you know, especially as he is going to stay here for a month."

"Certainly I shall come," says Terry. She feels quite unconcerned, quite calm and composed. She had thought she would have felt a kind of nervousness at meeting him again; she had even once or twice imagined it possible that she had liked him more than she had known; but this sudden news of Fanny's has dispelled all those hallucinations. It would be impossible to feel as unconcerned as she does at this moment, if there had been a sparkle of regret in her heart.

"That's settled, then," says Mrs. Adare. She lays her hands on the girl's shoulders. "You are looking pale," says she, "but, as I have always maintained, you are the most beautiful girl in the world. There. I must go," giving her a friendly pat. "I know I am bad for your morals. Half-past seven, mind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TALK OF LONDON.

What is Being Said and Done in Social and Other Circles in the British Metropolis.

A cable special from London says:—Thomas Salt, president of Lloyds' bank, which, by the policy of amalgamations with other banks, is becoming one of the largest financial institutions in the country, has thrown his lot with the bimetallists and has joined the Bimetallic league as vice-president. Salt was president of the Bankers' institution in 1891, and in his inaugural he caused considerable stir by admitting the necessity for more extended use of silver for currency purposes. Among other public men who have recently joined the league are Baron Emile Erlanger, the well-known financier, and Jacob Bright, one of the most respected Liberal members of Parliament.

All Liverpool was smiling in the early part of the week over the shipping mishaps in the Manchester canal, particularly the sticking fast of a big barque in one of the patent locks and the breaking off of six feet of a steamer's mast in passing under a bridge. The merriment has not lasted to the end of the week, because it is now seen that the canal is a great reality, and that Manchester means business. Numerous vessels pass up and down daily. The warehouses are filling with goods. The wharves are thronged morning and night. The first sale of foreign fruit brought by the canal was a marked success and greatly encouraged exporters and importers. Steamers are being coaled rapidly and economically.

Havelock Wilson, M. P., leader of the Seamen's Firemen's union, tells me that he has been testing public sentiment on the question of the House of Lords at meetings which he addressed recently through the country. Contrary to the feeling in London, he declares that no topic appeals so strongly to working men in the country as the obstruction of the aristocracy. Every time he advocated the dissolution of the House of Lords, the suggestion was received with wild enthusiasm. "Down with the Lords" would be the best election cry of the next campaign, in his opinion.

Jules Roche, the well-known deputy, raised an alarm in Paris this week by declaring that there has been an annual deficit of $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 in the revenue for several years, in spite of an apparent balance in the budget accounts. The expenses of the Government increased from 2,775,000,000 frances in 1875 to 3,357,000,000 last year. Naval expenses increased from 204,000,000 frances in 1890 to 266,000,000 in the current year. It will not be surprising if an attempt be made before long in France to raise the cry that war will be cheaper than peace.

There has been another case of domestic discipline in the Austrian royal family this week. The conduct of Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, who quarrelled with his elder brother while on a trip around the world, and left the ship at Sidney, has been investigated by a family council The young man has been found to be in the wrong, and an unlimited leave of absence has been granted to him, with the loss of all his appointments.

The most striking exhibit of London's destitution ever made was the annual supper to waifs and strays on Thursday last, the coldest night for years. Two thousand small, hungry, half-clad boys and girls were fed. Many walked barefooted six miles on the icy pavements. Hundreds were turned away still hungry, there being only room and food enough for 2,000.

Among Paderewski's Christmas presents was a miniature grand piano in ebony, with tiny white keys of silver and black keys of gold. The little instrument has a sweet tone.

How He Got Through Free.

A droll old Scotch farmer rode up to a toll-bar, and finding the gate open, he wheeled his horse round about just as he passed through, and shouted for the toll-keepers, who was invisible.

"Hey, I'm sayin' fat's the damage tae git through yer gate wi' a horse?"

"A shillin'," shouted the tollkeeper, making his appearance.

"A shillin'?" echoed the farmer, sarcastically. "No shillin' d'ye get frae me. I'll awa' hame again;" and wheeling his horse for the second time, he rode off in the direction he wished to go, chuckling at the trick he had performed upon the tollkeeper.

Few save the poor feel for the poor.

BRITAIN AS A SEA POWER.

She Must Continue to Rule the Wave.

He Who Rules the Sea Dominates the Land.

Britons are very busy these days examining the grounds upon which they claim the mastery of the sea. Naval experts—whether or not with an eye to alarming Mr. Gladstone into a proper state of concern—say most uncomplimentary things of the condition of the navy. We are told, for instance, that we depend upon the assistance of loose-jointed Italy for our control of the Mediterranean; and, while we do not believe it, the assertion stirs us to a study of the situation. An anonymous writer, with evident claims to the cloak of authority, discusses the importance of retaining control of the sea in the current Fortnightly; and closes with a most vicious prod at the peaceful slumbering propensities of John Bull. The Mediterranean fleets of France and England are compared in detail; and the assertion made that "Mr. Bull" must now make good his pretensions to the control of that sea or formally abdicate all his responsibilities in the matter. He is there as the practical guardian of the peace of Europe, so long as he is overwhelmingly dominant; but the moment

HIS NAVAL SUPERIORITY

can be questioned, his fleet in the Mediterranean becomes a challenge and a provocation. "His present policy of pretension and powerlessness in the Mediterranean," says the writer, "is, perhaps, the most formidable of existing menances to the peace of the world."

So much for a spur shaped for the side of the Gladstone Government! Yet, there can be no doubt that the writer, who signs himself "Nauticus," makes out an exceedingly strong case for the prime importance of the control of the sea. Britons have long realized the value of this mastery of the ocean to them, for their island home would otherwise be at the mercy of its foes; but the task of this article is the setting up of a bolder claim to the general effect that he who rules the sea really dominates the land, and is almost certain to win in any land war where he has a fighting chance. The text-books upon which the writer depends are Capt. Mahan's two studies of the "Influence of Sea Power" from 1660 to 1783, and from 1783 to 1812. Capt. Mahan likens the ocean to

A VAST PLAIN

lying between the nations and contends that he who dominates the plain, "who can at will bar a path or trade route," is in a much better position than his neighbors. Then he applies the principle to the war times of the past, and discovers that in every case the master of the sea had incalculable advantages. Going so far back as the time of Hannibal, he finds an example of the application of this law:

"The Roman control of the water forced Hannibal to that long, perilous march through Gaul in which more than half his veteran troops wasted away; it enabled the elder Scipio, while sending his army from the Rhone on to Spain, to intercept Hannibal's communications, to return in person and face the invader at the Trebia. Throughout the war the legions passed by water, unmolested and unwearied, between Spain, which was Hannibal's base, and Italy, while the issue of the decisive battle of the Metaurus, hinging as it did upon the interior position of the Roman armies with reference to the forces of Hasdrubal and Hannibal, was ultimately due to the fact that the younger brother could not bring his succoring reinforcements by sea, but only by the land route through Gaul. Hence at the critical moment the two Carthaginian armies were separated by the length of Italy, and one was destroyed by the combined action of the Roman generals."

Another instance of the power of the same law of war strategy was seen during the Napoleonic struggle when Britain won simply and solely because of her control of the sea. Although she entered the war allied with many of the European nations, they all fell away from her until the island kingdom stood alone, and on the defensive. She was in this position until Trafalgar gave her

THE UNDISPUTED SWAY

of the ocean, and then she pushed an offensive campaign—"an offensive based absolutely upon her control of the sea." "Her presence in Portugal and Spain kept festering that Spanish ulcer which drained the strength of Napoleon's Empire," continues the writer, "and so, by slow degrees, the greatest military power that has been created in modern times was reduced to impotence." Nor does he fear that this domination of the sea can be seriously weakened by a system of forays or incursions. It would be impossible for any power to so absolutely control the ocean that no other power could send privateers or small cruisers to annoy her commerce. But this only amounts to a tax upon the commerce, increasing the risks of trade; and no power can be formidable at sea which cannot maintain a fleet there for a prolonged period.

The motive of the article is to arouse Britain to the necessity of strengthening her Mediterranean fleet. The writer contends that the powers bordering that sea are jeolous of the fact that it is controlled by an outsider; and that Britain must plainly be

OF UNASSAILABLE STRENGTH

there if she is to avoid attack. He believes that to crush Britain would be to send British commerce largely to Germany, and thus to produce an effect that France, for instance, would not relish; but he fears that this belief is not shared by all European diplomats. Hence he pleads for a strong Mediterranean fleet in the interests of the peace of Europe. "I am concerned not for Great Britain," he says "but for Europe." He fancies that Europe is on the whole resigned to Britain's pretension to the supremacy of the sea, but it necessarily jostles and inconveniences many members of the European family, and they have a right to demand that, so long as Britain puts forward this claim, she shall so support it that no one will be tempted to disturb the peace of the world by putting it to proof. "Upon no other terms," he declares, "is her presence in the Mediterranean either tolerable or defensible."

The Land of Sensational Crime.

The case of Marie Colombin, committed to the Paris assizes for attempted murder and suicide, came on for trial the other day. Marie Colombin, 42 years of age, who was in business as a feather-dresser, fell deeply in love with a porter named Reard, some 15 years younger than herself. Their relations ran smoothly enough for three years, but one day in August last Reard told his mistress suddenly that he intended leaving her, as he was about to get married. A distressing scene followed, but finally she appeared to become reconciled to the idea of this desertion. At dinner that night, however, she poured a narcotic in Reard's glass, and both retired to bed. During the night the porter woke up, in spite of the drug, and was horrified to see that his mistress had lighted a charcoal fire in the room, with the evident intention of putting an end to their lives. As he jumped out of bed and was endeavoring to make his escape from the fatal bedroom, Colombin fired two shots of a revolver and inflicted a slight wound on her lover, who, however, succeeded in making his way out. Baffled in her intention, Colombin then turned the revolver against herself, and was wounded in the hand and breast. She was conveyed to the hospital, where she soon recovered, and was given into custody. The prisoner pleaded her own case, with tears in her eyes, and gave so pathetic an account of the state of despair into which the idea of the impending desertion of her lover threw her that the jury were moved to grant her acquittal.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance.

JOKELETS.

A large part of the average hackman's success is doubtless due to his knowing how to take people.

"Bilkein's is a strong face, or I'm no judge of physiognomy." "It ought to be. He and his whole family are living on it."

Binkers—"I don't see how's you can laugh at Saphead's insane jokes." Winkers—"You would if you knew his pretty sister."

Bridget—"Please ma'am, the market man has brought in a meat bill." Mrs. Nuwife—"How stupid; it was fish I ordered, I'm sure."

Friend of the family—"Well, how's little Willie? We don't see as much of you as we used to." Willie (shyly)—"No: I'm—I'm in long trousers now."

First poet—"Don't you notice quite a decline in poetry in the newspapers?" Second poet—"You bet! I've had six pieces declined this week."

She—"I must ask you to release me from our engagement. Papa has failed—". He—"Oh, that's all right. I am the man who won all his money."

Johnny Plenty—"Say, Jimmy, does pie hurt anybody? My aunt says it does." Jimmy Scant—"Couldn't tell yer, Johnny. I never had no chance ter 'speriment."

Tom—"Well, a girl can't be expected to keep a diary." "And why not, pray sir?" "Because diaries are supposed to be secrets, and women can't keep a secret."

Hoax—"I hear Hamphat has just received a legacy of $100,000." Joax—"Yes, and that makes him at once the richest and the poorest actor in the profession."

Hobbs—"I like to hear Spouter make a speech. He puts his whole soul into it." Slobbs—"He doesn't stop with his sole. He usually manages to put his foot in it."

She—"You want me to be your wife? I thought you said you wouldn't marry the best woman in the world." He—But I've changed my mind, and I will if you'll have me."

"You don't look like ye'd had very good luck at dat house," said Plodding Pete. "I got a cake," replied Meandering Mike. "Den what yer lookin' so sour about?" "'Twas er cake o' soap."

Hocus—"What happened when you told your mother-in-law to mind her own business?" Pocus—"I don't exactly know. When I recovered consciousness I found myself in the hospitabl."

"Now listen, Freddie, the doctor said that it was that little bit of candy you ate last night that made you sick." "Well, you know how I asked you over and over to give me a whole lot."

Now that I've won the maiden's heart,
The fact to me is clear,
To win her hand I'll have to try
To win her father's ear.

Poor Pay—"I'm in a lot of trouble. The landlady says I'll have to settle up or leave." Dead Broke—"Why, you're in great luck, old man. My landlady says I must settle up before I can leave."

Alas for the season erratic
When bards know not how they should sing;
Too warm for the jingle of sleigh bells,
Too cold for the poem on spring.

"And so, Peter, you spell 'women' with an 'a'?" said the teacher, correcting an exercise. "Please, sir," was the reply, "my papa told mamma only yesterday that women were singular beings."

"Confound you, sir! I've a notion to pull your nose. What do you mean by telling people that I've got a temper?" "I take it all back, sir. When I said that I wasn't aware that you had lost it this morning."

To buy the maiden a choice bouquet
He pawned the coat on his back,
And she wore the flowers on the street next day,
Pinned on to her sealskin sacque.

Teacher (after reading the excuse)—"So your three days' absence from school was on account of your vaccination, was it, Bessie? You must have had a pretty sore arm." Bessie—"No, but I—I had to walk on crutches."

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Once there was a garden plot in which grew every kind of flower. Roses pink and white and yellow and red, lilies as pure as an angel's dream, poppies red as the east at sunrise, and many more. Now in the midst of this garden there sprang up a weed, and the gardener, try as he would, could not uproot it, for its roots grew so deep down in the earth that they held fast, and when he cut it down it grew up again stronger than ever. And the unsightly thing grew larger and stronger every day, and it spread out great thick leaves, so that it kept the sun from the other flowers near it and they died.

The gardener grieved very greatly when he saw his lilies and roses standing dry and dead, and rushing with fury at the weed, strove with all his might to tear it up, and the thorns on the stalk pricked his hands till they bled, but still the roots held firm. Then his neighbors seeing the great weed in the midst of the garden, and the fair flowers dead or dying about it, mocked the gardener saying: "He hath a fine garden truly. See! he nourishes the weed but lets roses die."

And the summer went by, and one night there came a biting frost in that country and it killed the flowers, turning them black. But when in the morning the gardener walked through his garden sorrowing much over all the dead flowers, he looked and beheld the weed in the midst of the garden, and lo, a miracle! the frost which has killed all the other flowers had opened on the ugly weed a great crimson flower that glowed in the morning sunshine like a flower of fire.

And "Ah!" said the gardener's neighbors, "he hath in his garden the finest flower our eyes have looked upon." For they had forgotten the ugly weed when they saws its beautiful blossom.

Now the garden is life, the fair flowers the joys of life, the gardener a human soul, the neighbors are the people of the world, the beautiful flower that blossomed on the uncouth stalk the flower of pain, and the frost is time!—[New York Observer.

A Young Man's Diary.

"Keep a diary," says Leon M. Cornwell in an article on travelling in the Temple Magazine, "but compile it from events, not days. I know a young fellow who went around the world in a private yacht and kept a daily diary. For lack of other thoughts he filled in many of the Sundays with 'The sky seems brighter, the sea bluer, and the air sweeter on a Sunday than on any other day.' On reaching port, he found they had neglected to skip the day at the 180th meridian, and consequently all his Sundays were Mondays. It is stretching it a little to say that 'the sky seems brighter, the sea bluer, and the air sweeter on a washday than on any other day.' Take a lesson from that and jot down your ideas and impressions as they come, and not force them at regular intervals."

Distress and Depredations.

Serious depredations are reported to be occurring among the olive groves in the province of Cadiz, particularly in the country between Xeres and Arcos, where bands of male and female labourers, under pretext of the exceptional distress now prevailing, boldly invade the groves and steal the crops. The other day in the village of Villa Martin, two men entered the cottage of a peasant and compelled him, under threats of violence, to provide them with food. In the townships of Puerto Serrano and Algar bands of labourers march from house to house demanding food, and after the meal, which is in nearly every case given to them, they go off quietly and without stealing anything.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER

The Crash on the Hall Carpet Brought a Crash in their Married Life.

"What's this?" asked Mr. Bowser as he entered the sitting room after the evening meal and found a bundle in his favorite chair.

"That! Oh, that's my crash," replied Mrs. Bowser as she removed it.

"More towels for the kitchen eh? How many thousand roller towels does that girl get away with in the course of the year?"

"It's crash for the stairs. The carpet is getting a bit worn in the middle and I want to save it. The carpet man said he'd come up and put it down this evening, but he was probably too busy."

"In other words, he lied!" growled Mr. Bowser. "I never knew a carpet man yet who wouldn't lie rather than tell the truth. What was your object in paying him $6 or $8 to put that thing down?"

"Six or $8! Why, he will only charge 50 cents!"

"Well, have we any 50-cent pieces to throw away? Mrs. Bowser, let me call your attention to the fact that this country has been on the verge of bankruptcy for the last six months."

"Well, we can save 50 cents in crash and wear out $10 worth of carpet," she answered, as she noticed that he was smoking his usual brand of cigars—two for 25 cents.

"We will save the 50 cents and wear out nothing. I shall put down the crash myself. I was just wishing there was some little job around the house I could do."

"Do you think—think you could make a good job of it?" she hesitatingly asked.

"And why not, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Well, you know you get out of patience if things don't go just right, and it always ends in your blaming me."

"Never got out of patience in all my life. Never blamed you in all my born days. I'll have that crash down inside of fifteen minutes, and it will be as neat a job as you ever saw done. All I ask of you is to remain right here and not do any bossing."

Mr. Bowser got hammer and tacks, unfolded the crash on the stairs and removed his coat and vest. He had just begun work when Mrs. Bowser came to the foot of the stairs and queried:

"Do you expect to get that down straight without a measure or guide to go by?"

"Perhaps you have written a book entitled 'What I Know About Crash,' replied Mr. Bowser as he hammered away.

"You won't get it straight without a measure."

Mr. Bowser whistled and hummed to show his indifference and he was looking at the head of the tack with one eye and had the other on Mrs. Bowser when the hammer struck his thumb, and he uttered a yell which made the cook in the kitchen drop the tea kettle. He also sprang up and kicked the top stair three times as hard as he could swing his leg.

"I knew how it would be. The carpet man would have put that down——"

"The carpet man be hanged! Didn't I tell you to go away? You are hanging around here expecting to see me knock my nose off, but you'll be disappointed. You either get into the sitting room or I give up this job. When I can't manage to tack a piece of blamed old crash over a blamed old stair carpet I'll go off and bury myself."

"Well, please get it straight, because every bit of it will show from front the door."

"Straight! Am I a squint-eyed Chinaman or a purblind Eskimo? If you start it straight it's bound to come out straight. There may be a bald spot on top of my head, Mrs. Bowser, but there is nothing baldheaded about my eyesight."

She went away, and he had reached the middle stair when she returned to take another look. One glance was enough.

"Mr. Bowser, you've got that down crooked. You've pulled it way over to the left as you came down. I knew you'd do it without a guide."

"Hey? You back again? Where is it pulled to the left?"

"It begins on the second stair from the top."

"Never! If that isn't a bee line I'll eat dough for a week."

"But measure it with the handle of your hammer. It's an inch more to the left than the right."

Mr. Bowser measured. It was at least an inch and a half. He couldn't deny it, for Mrs. Bowser was at the bottom of the stairs ready to come up. He did the best thing he could do under the circumstances, or he started out to do it.

"It's straighter than the straightest line ever drawn by mortal hand!" he shouted, "but if you are going to stand there and boss, and find fault, and jaw around, why——"

He had his back to her. He seized the crash with both hands and ripped it off the step above him and was moving on the next when his left knee struck a tack waiting for a job. The sudden pain and surprise overbalanced him and Mrs. Bowser suddenly saw something coming down stairs. It was Mr. Bowser. He never missed a step. It couldn't have been done more nicely by a first-class actor in a first-class play. There were eight steps, and Mr. Bowser uttered eight yells. As he brought up at the bottom one of his feet struck the hall tree and upset it, and the other sent a chair crashing against the front door.

"Are you hurt, dear?" anxiously asked Mrs. Bowser as the dust settled down.

Mr. Bowser slowly got up and limped into the sitting room and sat down. For ten minutes he sat and glared at Mrs. Bowser in a cold and stony way and then finally said:

"We will have breakfast half an hour earlier than usual, as you will want to catch that 9 o'clock train for your mother's You can have the custody of the child, and our respective lawyers will settle the question of alimony. Good night, designing woman! Thank heaven but my eyes are open at last!"

American Game Disappearing.

It is appalling to compare the enormous amount of game on this continent at the beginning of the century with the wretched remnant of to-day. At that time the American buffalo roamed the prairies in countless thousands, and was probably the most numerous large animal in the world, and now—but all Americans know the shameful story of its extermination. Little more than a hundred years ago great herds of elk swarmed in the Kentucky and Illinois hunting-grounds, and even as late as 1820 a few could be found in the district north of the Ohio River. To-day their fast diminishing bands are confined to the mountains of the Northwest. The same sad story of fast approaching extinction is true of the other game animals, the antelope, bighorn, mountain goat and the various kinds of deer; in fact, it is true of all our larger mammals. Many persons living to-day will see their final disappearance in a wild state.—[The Century.

Dr. Holmes Answers Questions.

A young man ambitious for success wrote to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes not long ago propounding four questions which are often asked of public men, and the distinguished poet's answers are not without interest for their conciseness:—

My Dear Sir,—I must answer your questions, if at all, in my own hand, as my assistant is absent at this time.

1. A young man of good taste and good principles may safely go to see a good actor in a good play.

2. The best three good books? The Bible, Shakespeare's plays, and a good dictionary, say Worcester or Webster.

3. To obtain "real success"? Real work; concentration on some useful calling adapted to his abilities.

4. Shall he smoke? Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed. Yours very truly. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ELECTRICITY IN THE FAR EAST

Some Amusing Incidents in Japan—The Man Who Was Waiting to See the Message go By.

The willingness of the Japanese to adopt, without reserve, says a writer in The Electrical World, a civilization totally different in character from that under which they had previously lived is one of their most striking characteristics. While they are very conservative in many ways, they are the most liberal people in the world in others. Twice in their history they have experienced a complete change of front, and adopted a foreign civilization. The first time was many centuries ago, when Chinese civilization, with its literature, manufactures and science, was found to be better than their own, and its adoption raised them from a state of barbarism to one of comparative high civilization; and now in these last few decades, the new civilization of the West has been adapted to a degree that must astonish any one who has a thorough understanding of the magnitude of the change that has taken place. In no way is this change made more evident than in the hold which electricity has taken in the past few years. The telegraph, of course, has been in use since soon after the opening of the country and now extends to all parts of the Empire. When it was first established there were many amusing occurrences, due to the inability of the people to understand how the message was sent over the wire. The writer's first visit to Japan was early in 1886, and one day he was, with a guide, walking over a remote mountain road along which passed a telegraph line. A countryman was met who had seated himself by the roadside and was intently watching the wire. His gaze was so fixed that the guide asked what he was doing, and he replied that he was waiting to see a message go along the wire, that he had watched many times since it was put up but had never been able to see anything. This incident was, perhaps, no more amusing than the reception of the telephone in Rio Janeiro. The writer was in that city when the exchange was being started and considerable opposition was shown, as the people supposed nothing but English could be spoken and in order to be able to use it they must learn that language.—[Electrical World.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

Distribution of the Regular Forces at Home and Abroad.

The latest return of the regular forces at home and abroad shows that the total number of officers and men borne upon the regimental rolls (exclusive of the Indian army) is very little below 220,000, and about two thousand more than were in the ranks a year ago. Of these nearly twenty thousand are cavalry, 37,000 artillery, 7,500 engineers, 143,500 infantry, 5,200 colonial troops, 3,500 army service corps, and 2,500 medical staff corps, and the remainder being made up of the smaller departmental corps. Great Britain and Ireland retain nearly half the regular army for home service, there being little short of 107,000 troops in the three kingdoms—74,000 in England and Wales, 28,000 in Ireland, 3,500 in Scotland, and the remainder in the Channel Islands, but these totals leave the whole number at home some seven hundred below the strength of twelve months ago. Aldershot shows the largest home aggregation, the Duke of Connaught having there 15,000 men, while the Metropolis and home districts have 8,500; Portsmouth and the southern district, 9,500; Plymouth and the western, 7,200; Dover and the south-eastern, 7,500; Woolwich, and the Marine, 9,400; and the eastern, north-eastern and north-western districts have smaller proportions.

A Consolatory Chance.

One evening, just about dark, I rode up to a cabin in the Tennessee mountains and asked to stay all night.

"I'm sorry, mister," said a woman who had responded to my request, "but yer can't stay here."

"Why not?" I asked. "I'll pay for it."

"Tain't the pay I'm afeard uv, mister," she said, "but ther' ain't no menfolks in the house and we can't keep you."

"What am I to do?" I asked, helplessly.

"Go on to the next place, I reckon."

"How far is it?"

"Two miles, er sitch a matter."

"But it is dark," I urged; "I never was here before and I'll be sure to lose the road."

"I reckon ther's a chance uv that," she said, and then, more encouragingly, "but hits sitch a tarnel bad road, mister, that you'll be glad you lost hit, afore you've gone a mile."

Didn't Know What Work Was.

Farmer Hardfist—"What under the sun is the reason that boys are such no-account critters nowadays? Here is our son, Jasper, pretty nigh crazy to leave the old farm and try to get a job in town."

Mrs. Hardfist (meekly)—"Perhaps he thinks the work won't be quite so hard."

Farmer Hardfist—"Work? Why, shucks, Polly, he don't skurcely know what work is! He hain't done a thing since supper but milk the cows feed the horses, slop the hogs, split and carry in the wood and kindlin's, shell a little corn, ketch the colt, and turn the grindstone for me about half an hour. He's had all the rest of the time to himself, except the few minutes it took him to mend the bridle I broke this mornin'. What in the name o' thunder makes all the boys so crazy to leave the old farm?"

Had Been Kept Too Long.

"Any complaints?" asked the orderly officer of some men who were about to begin their dinner on an outward bound troopship from Portsmouth to India.

"Yes, sir," instantly exclaimed one of the men; "this salt junk ain't fit for the likes of us to eat, and I wish to report it."

The doctor was at once sent for to inspect the meat.

"So you think this meat isn't fit for a man in your position to eat," said the doctor. "Allow me to tell you that greater men than you ever will be have eaten it. Why, even Nelson, our once-famed Admiral, wasn't above eating it, and has made many a meal of it."

"Oh! has he?" said the complaining individual.

"Yes, he has," replied the doctor.

"Oh, well," said the man, "the meat was fresh and good in his time. You see, sir, it's some time ago since Nelson lived; it can't be expected to keep good all these years."

A Ring Under a Tree.

During the recent gale a holly tree growing near the Lake of Menteith Hotel in Scotland, was blown down, leaving a pretty deep cavity in the soil where the roots had been. Shortly afterwards a young woman found in the loose earth a gold wedding ring with the initials "W. A. G." engraved on the inside. Singular to state, about three weeks after the great storm, another gale from the opposite direction lifted the holly tree into its original position, and it appears to be thriving, being covered with berries. The owner of the ring so strangely recovered has not yet been found.

Don't tell the world your troubles. You can't borrow $10 on them.

Ada—"Wasn't Charlie nearly drowned when he fell off the yacht?" Elsie—"No; of course he could swim beautifully; he had his duck trousers on."

"Och, Patsy darlint, are yez drowned?" asked Mrs. Patsy, as her husband came home dripping. "No, indade, but I went down twice before I ever came up," said Patsy.

Town & Country Cullings.

—Miss McLane, of Indian Head, is visiting friends in town.

—Winnipeg's new evening paper, The Nor'-Wester, was issued on Saturday last.

—Corpl. Holmes passed through on Tuesday with a prisoner from Pasqua for Regina.

—Mrs. McAllister, of Wolseley, who has been visiting here, left on Tuesday night's train.

—The Bishop of Qu'Appelle left on Friday last for Eastern Canada, on business. He expects to be away about two months.

—Grain prices during the past week have been as follows: No. 1 hard, 40c. to 42c.; No. 3 hard, 38c.; oats from 30c. to 35c.

—The Broadview Sentinel last week presented each of its readers with an excellent portrait of His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh.

—A meeting of the Council of the Municipality of South Qu'Appelle was held on Monday last. We hope to publish the minutes next week.

—The ladies of the Presbyterian Church have arranged for a social in the Town Hall on Friday evening, the 16th inst. For particulars see advertisement in another column.

—There is to be a meeting at Raymond's farm on Monday, the 12th, at 2 p.m., to consider the advisability of petitioning the Council to so amend the Herd By-law as to make it operative on all lands paying taxes.

—Mr. Tom Baker, Farm Instructor, on Gordon's Reserve, Touchwood Hills, arrived in town on Wednesday. He reports the Indians as doing well and their cattle looking splendid, as after the lesson they learnt last winter they all put up an abundant supply of hay.

—It is reported that a number of Ottawa sports have sent to the North-West for a carload of bronchos, to be used in playing polo. They are to be delivered in the spring. We should not be surprised to learn that the Ottawa equestrians discover the bronchos to have altogether too much spring to agree with the constitutions of their riders.

—Mr. Creamer, Government Veterinary, has been on business to Touchwood, and returned on Friday night. He reports cattle looking in very good order, in fact, better than ever he saw them before. All settlers have an abundant supply of hay, and with two or three warm days there will be feed on the prairie, as there is not near as much snow as usual.

—A disastrous fire occurred las week at Mountain Ranch, Kutawa, Touchwood Hills, belonging to Mr. L. McLeod. The household and personal effects and all supplies were destroyed, causing great hardship to Mr. McLeod and his son, who were eight miles from their nearest neighbor. The fire was caused by a defective stovepipe. The house was not insured.—Regina Leader.

—Mr. Creamer and Dr. Carthew have been appointed to distribute gopher poison this spring. Owing to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Davidson, M.L.A., the North-West Government have again decided to aid the farmers in ridding their lands of these pests, and have had it prepared as a solution ready for use to avoid the danger of distributing pure strychnine all over the country.

—The North-West Council of Royal Templars meets here on Tuesday and Wednesday next. On Wednesday evening there will be a public meeting in the Methodist Church, when speeches will be delivered and singing indulged in to enliven the proceedings. A large number of delegates, hailing from all parts of the Territories, are expected to attend.

—There is to be a grand concert in the Town Hall, Indian Head, on the evening of Thursday, the 15th inst., under the auspices of the reading room, when a programme of songs, readings, recitations, etc., will be rendered. An amusing farce, entitled "Beautiful forever," will be given as a finale to the entertainment. We expect to hear of the Town Hall being well filled on this occasion.

—The third of the Quadrille Parties took place on Tuesday evening, when there were about 130 present. This was a great increase in the numbers on the previous occasions, and proves that the dances are growing in favor. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, and the entertainment reflects great credit on the promoters. The next party will take place on Thursday. the 22nd inst.

—In the Grenfell murder case the prosecution has concluded its case, and Mr. Rimmer opened the defence by putting one of the prisoners in the witness box. This, we believe, is the first murder trial in the Territories which has been held under the new Criminal Code, under which prisoners are allowed to give evidence for themselves. Several witnesses from Indian Head, Sintaluta, Wolseley and Grenfell, were called to prove seeing the prisoners at these places, and on Monday, Luciano, the second prisoner, was examined. His examination was not concluded when the court adjourned.

BISHOP'S PASTORAL.

The Bishop of the Diocese has issued the following pastoral, which will be perused with interest by many of our readers:—

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—This letter will find you entering upon another Lent, and I hope may help you to keep it better. I will try and answer two questions.

I. Why should I keep Lent?

(1) Because it is a very old custom nearly as old as the Christian Religion itself. The church has for many centuries kept the 40 days before Easter in memory of the fast of her Lord in the wilderness and as a preparation for the great Easter Festival. This is a good solid reason, people have done it, thought it was their duty to do it, and found help in it as we always do in doing our duty. These who see no good in Lent, are just those who have never tried it, never kept one lent well, and the value of such opinion is no more than the opinion of people who have never been out of England about Canada.

(2) Because I need it? Lent is a time for special and serious attention to the soul and sin which is the disease of the soul. Attention—we are so apt just to go drifting on, meaning well and yet with some sin or sins doing to death the life of grace in the soul. There are seven sins called deadly, which means, the soul smitten by them is dead. They are pride, covetousness, envy, lust, gluttony or drunkenness and sloth. The life of the soul dead in sin can only be restored to life by grace which works in us through repentance. The sin must be discovered by self examination, cast out by confession and renounced by amendment of life. A resolution turning from that sin and the occasions of sin. You will not say you do not need such attention, and God in His love calls you to use this Lent for that purpose.

(3) It is a witness to the world—at this time more than others the world sees there are some who for love of God and their souls do make a difference in their lives and habits. The number of those who make this witness is growing every year. Will you join them now?

II. How should I keep Lent?

The great object is the turning of the soul from sin to God. Never forget that in the means used.

These are three great duties of religion, Christ set before his disciples—they are: 1. Prayer. (2) Almsgiving. (3) Fasting. These then help a man in his duty to God. Prayer for his neighbors, almsgiving to himself. Fasting and resolution as to the Godly, righteous and sober life. For all three we shall have or make opportunities during Lent. More prayer in church and home—more charity to poor neighbors and missions, spending on them what we save ourselves but the great duty of Lent is the discipline of self of our bodies in fasting. I am not going to try to prove to you the duty of fasting; the Bible is very plain, and the church is very plain on that point. There are some people who talk and take of the liberty of the gospel as if it had no room for fasting—with such "liberty" becomes license and ends in taking liberties with God. Fasting in its strict sense means abstinence from food for certain time—it may mean taking less or different kinds, and more widely still any acts of self-denial, by which we deprive ourselves of any pleasure which is lawful, and to do it for the good of our soul and the love of God. It must mean different times to people in different conditions of life. There are some who have poor enough food, and others where health would not allow them to fast in strict sense. Here in this cold climate and hard conditions of life things are different from what they would be in other places. To such perhaps a good Lent task would not be so much to make just burdens for themselves, but to bear such burdens as they have from God, with new patience and cheerfulness. Take the dullness of life or the cold you find so hard, or some other secret trial as your "Cross" and take it up as you have never taken it and bear it after Jesus. It will lead you to the place called Calvary and understand the sorrow and sweetness of His Cross as you have never done.

So let me close with a few words of counsel. Make some rules, or one rule about each of these. Let it be one that is not too hard.

(1) Prayer—more time given to God—with your Bible—on your knees—in your church. The life of prayer is just the life of the soul shut to the world and open to God.

(2) Almsgiving—give something to the hungry, to the good of the church—pray for souls that need the mercy they never seek.

(3) Fasting—make some rule for every day, or at least for Fridays—avoid public parties and pleasures.

Whatever you do, do it unto the Lord and not unto men—do it with all might—it may be your last Lent and you have wasted some perhaps—many or all—do it looking unto Jesus—that your life may be less unlike His—do so that it bring you nearer Him—to know the joy of Easter.

Life is really one long Lent and it brings those who do not love it to the great Easter—it is the wilderness way that leads to the land of promise.

Praying that you may so keep your Lenten fast that we may rejoice together at His altar at Easter, I am,

Yours faithfully,
W. J., Qu'Appelle.

THE GRENFELL MURDER.

(LATEST BY TELEGRAPH)

Wednesday Evening.

Mr. Rimmer made his address this (Wednesday) afternoon, and spoke for three hours. He made a strong case for the lives of the prisoners. Mr. White's address will be made to-morrow, followed by the Judge's charge.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rhumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by C. E. Carthew, Qu'Appelle.

A SOCIAL

By the Ladies of the Presbyterian Church, Qu'Appelle Station,

WILL BE GIVEN IN THE TOWN HALL,

On the Evening of

Friday, February 16th. 1894.

Refreshments, consisting of Tea, Cake, etc., will be served.

Doors open at 7.30. Admission 25 Cents, Children 15 Cents.

NOTICE.

THE ADJOURNED MEETING of the South Qu'Appelle Agricultural Society will be held in the Council Chamber on Saturday, the 17th February, 1894, at 2 p.m. A full attendance of the members is requested.

J. DOOLITTLE, Sec.-Treas.

FOR SALE.

A FIRST CLASS ORGAN, by Storey and Clarke, Chicago, to be sold cheap for cash. Good as new.

Apply PROGRESS OFFICE.

NOTICE.

To the Ratepayers of the Municipality of South Qu'Appelle.

ALL parties whose taxes are not paid on or before Thursday, 15th February, will please take notice that after that date I will proceed to distrain without respect of person.

F. G. WHITING,
Collector for the Municipality of South Qu'Appelle.
Qu'Appelle, Jan. 27. 1894.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE cheap for cash, or will trade for good Cows or Heifers, the pedigreed SHORTHORN BULL, "Baron Qu'Appelle II."

Also a TEAM OF OXEN, well broken, and a splendid work team.

Apply to H. JAGGER,
c/o Cowan & Edwards,
Qu'Appelle Station P.O.

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the PROGRESS PRINTING COMPANY will please settle their accounts with A. C. Paterson, North Portal, without delay, for the business must be wound up without delay.

Stock in Trade of the Estate of G. P. MURRAY

FOR SALE BY TENDER.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, marked "Tenders for Stock," at a rate on the $, between this date and the 15th day of February.

For particulars apply to
P. FERGUSON, } Exors. of the
H. H. CAMPKIN, } Estate.
Indian Head, Jan. 10th, 1894.

13-18

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

WESTERN ASSINIBOIA JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

In the goods of William Brydon, deceased.

UPON the application of Donald S. McCannel, the Administrator of the said estate, and upon reading the affidavit of H. A. Robson, this day filed. I do order that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said deceased, do send notice of their respective claims to the said administrator at Qu'Appelle Station, N.W.T., with a statement of the security, if any, held by them, within Two Months from the date hereof, and that this order be published in the issues of the QU'APPELLE PROGRESS for said period.

HUGH RICHARDSON,
J.S.C.

Chambers, Regina,
December 11th, 1893.

CHOP.

CRUSHING done every Tuesday.

TOLL taken if preferred.
CHOP for Sale.

Capacity 2,000 pounds per hour.

H. F. BOYCE,
Qu'Appelle Station.
Sec. 34, Tp. 18, R. 14.

A $ for a Cent. A $ for a Cent.

SAVE YOUR DOLLARS These Dull Times

AND ORDER THE FOLLOWING:

How to make fence posts last 100 years	25c
How to prevent cattle, fowls, etc., from getting old	25
How to make a horse fleshy in a few days	25
How to make old horses appear young	25
How to make a foundered and spavined horse go off limber	25
How to make paint for 1 cent per pound	25
How to trap any wild animal without failure	25
How to fish without fail	25
How to make maple sugar without maple trees	25
How to make cider without apples	25
How to make baking powder for a few cents per pound	25
How to make apple butter without apples	25
How to cure love of strong drink without the Gold Cure	25
How to raise the vinegar plant	25
How to restore rancid butter	25
How to make patent self-raising flour	25
How to correct musty flour	25
How to keep butter during hot weather	25
How to make a pound of butter from a pint of milk	25
How to cure neuralgia and toothache without fail	25
How to increase the flow of milk in cows	25
How to make eight gallons vinegar for a few cents	25
How to make hens lay all the year round	25
How to make hair grow on a bald head without fail	25
How to grow whiskers and beard without fail	25
How to cure deafness without fail	25
How to restore eyesight without fail	25
How to make a Galvanic Battery	25
How to make gun powder at small cost	25
How to make shingle roofs fireproof for a few cents	25
How to prepare skins of any animals	25
How to lath and plaster at little cost	25
How to make honey without bees	25
How to polish buffalo horns from rough	25

Any of the above sent post paid for 25 cents. Any two for 40 cents. Any six for a Dollar. Any twelve for $1.50, or the whole lot for THREE DOLLARS.

The greatest bargain ever offered farmers and general public. The above are al genuine. Please mention this paper when writing.

Address,

MURRAY & CO,
P.O. BOX 80, Rat Portage, Ont.

CHEAP COAL.

W. H. BELL, Qu'Appelle Station, has Roche Percee Coal for Sale at $3.00 per ton off cars, and $4 per ton delivered.

TEACHER WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED for Grassmere Public School. (Third Class Certificate). Applications will be received up to March 1st. School expected to be kept open for eight months. State salary required. Apply to

A. WEBSTER, Sec.
17-20 Qu'Appelle Station.

TENDERS.

INDIAN SUPPLIES.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of MONDAY, 19th March, 1894, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1895, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

Forms of tender, containing full particulars, may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Assistant Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

This advertisement is not to be inserted without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had such authority will be admitted.

HAYTER REED,
Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.
Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, January, 1894. 17-18

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

To Toronto, Montreal, New York and all points east.

To Vancouver, Victoria, TACOMA, SEATTLE, PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO AND ALL PACIFIC COAST POINTS.

AUSTRALIA

FROM VANCOUVER.

S.S. Arawa . . . . Feb. 16
S.S. Warrimoo . . . March 16

CHINA AND JAPAN

FROM VANCOUVER.

Empress Japan . . . Feb. 5
Empress China . . . Mar. 5
Empress India . . . April 2

For full information apply to E. W. WARNER, Agent, Qu'Appelle, or to ROBT KERR, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

To Farmers.

Now is the time to place your orders for DRILLS.

I can supply you with a first-class article in the Celebrated

TIGER SHOE DRILL

which has proven itself o be the best that money can buy.

I will also carry a full line of other

IMPLEMENTS,

FLOUR AND FEED

Safes and Sewing Machines.

W. J. DAVIDSON.

Warehouse:
Main Street, Qu'Appelle.

FERRY'S SEEDS

Are just what every sower needs. The merits of Ferry's Seeds form the foundation upon which has been built the largest seed business in the world. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1894 contains the sum and substance of the latest farming knowledge. Free for the asking.

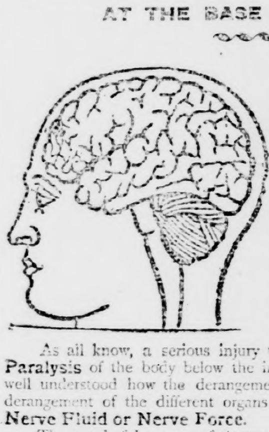
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TWO-THIRDS OF ALL OUR DISEASES and AILMENTS ARE CAUSED BY DERANGED NERVE CENTRES AT THE BASE OF THE BRAIN.



LATE discoveries have absolutely proven that the Stomach, Liver, Lungs, and indeed all internal organs, are controlled by the nerve centres at the base of the brain. The manufacturer of THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE TONIC AND STOMACH AND LIVER CURE has studied this subject closely for more than twenty-five years, and has lately demonstrated that two-thirds of our Chronic Diseases, are due to the imperfect action of nerve centres, either within or at the base of the brain, and not from a derangement of the organs themselves; hence that the ordinary methods of treatment are wrong.

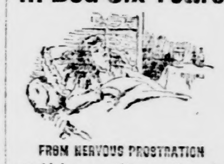
As all know, a serious injury to the spinal cord will at once cause **Paralysis** of the body below the injured part; it therefore will be equally well understood how the derangement of the nerve centres will cause the derangement of the different organs of the body which they supply with **Nerve Fluid or Nerve Force.**

The wonderful success of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE is due alone to the fact that it is based on the foregoing principle. The use of a single bottle of this remedy will convince the most incredulous. It is, indeed, a veritable **Nerve Food** and **WILL RELIEVE IN ONE DAY** the varied forms of Nervous Disease and Stomach Troubles.

Nervous Diseases.

This class of diseases is rapidly increasing each year, on account of the great wear our mode of living and labor imposes upon the nervous system. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir, are dependent upon nervous exhaustion, impaired digestion, and a deteriorated and impoverished condition of the blood. The SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE is a great nerve food and nerve builder, and this accounts for its marvellous power to cure the varied forms of nervous disease, such as Neuralgia, Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, St. Vitus's Dance, Nervous Choking, Nervous Paroxysms, Twitching of the Muscles, Hot Flashes, Mental Despondency, Forgetfulness, Sleeplessness, Restlessness, Nervousness of Females, Palpitation of the Heart, Sexual Weakness, etc., etc.

In Bed Six Years



FROM NERVOUS PROSTRATION

HARTFORD CITY, Blackford Co., Indiana, June 8, '93.
South American Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN: I received a letter from you May 27, stating that you had heard of my wonderful recovery from a spell of sickness of six years duration, through the use of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE, and asking for my testimonial. I will gladly state how I was afflicted and how I was delivered from my pain and suffering. I was near thirty-five years old, when I took down with nervous prostration. Our family physician treated me, but without benefiting me in the least. My nervous system seemed to be entirely shattered, and I constantly had very severe shaking spells. In addition to this I would have vomiting spells, and there would be from eighteen to twenty days at a time that I could not retain anything on my stomach. Many consultations were held by physicians over my case, but they all agreed that I would never leave my bed. During the years I lay sick, my folks had an eminent physician from Dayton, Ohio, and two from Columbus, Ohio, to come and examine me. They all said I could not live. I got to having spells like spasms, and would lie cold and stiff for a time after each. At last I lost the use of my body—could not rise from my bed or walk a step, and had to be lifted like a child; all the time suffering intense pain, and taking almost every known medicine. Part of the time I could read a little, and one day saw an advertisement of your medicine and concluded to try one bottle. By the time I had taken one and one-half bottles, I could rise up and take a step or two by being helped, and after I had taken five bottles in all I felt real well. The shaking went away gradually, and I could eat and sleep good, and my friends could scarcely believe it was I. I am sure this medicine is the best in the world. It was a god-send to me, and I believe it saved my life. I give my name and address, so that if any one doubts my statement they can write me, or our postmaster, or any citizen, as all are acquainted with my case. I am now forty-one years of age, and expect to live as long as the Lord has use for me and do all the good I can in helping the suffering.

MISS ELLEN STOLTZ.

Will a remedy which can effect such a marvellous cure as the above, cure **you**?

C. E. CARTHEW, Qu'Appelle, Wholesale and Retail Agent.
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